

*no 4 miss*

*no. 5*

## Table of Contents

The Heavenly Vision (poem).....	173
College Endowments .....	174
Harry Stillwell Edwards: An Appreciation.....	176
It Might Have Been.....	178
Today (poem) .....	180
Miss Alice's Birthday .....	181
Philosophical Love-Making .....	185
The Tragedy of a Soul.....	187
My Senior .....	189
An Old Board .....	191
The Spectator .....	193
Nonsense Rhymes .....	194
Editorial Department .....	195
Book Critic .....	197
Local Foolishness .....	198
Y. W. C. A. Department.....	205
Exchange Department .....	208



# The College Directory

PRESIDENT..... DuPONT GUERRY  
DEAN OF THE FACULTY..... PROF. J. C. HINTON  
SECRETARY OF THE FACULTY..... PROF. C. R. FORSTER

## Young Women's Christian Association

President .....	ELIZA POPE HILL	Corresponding Sec'y.....	NONA HENDRY
Vice-President .....	AGNES CHAPMAN	Treasurer .....	CLARE MONROE
Recording Sec'y.....	LOUESE MONNING	Ch'm'n Devotional Com.	BESSIE WHITE

## The Missionary Society

President.....INEZ DAUGHTRY  
Vice-Prest.....ANNIE JEAN CULBREATH  
Recording Secretary.....ELIZA HILL  
Corresponding Sec'y.....NELLIE BRYAN  
Treasurer.....LOUESE MONNING

## The Senior Class

President.....	OCTAVIA BURDEN	Sergeant-at-Arms....	TOMMIE C. WHITE
Vice-President.....	LAURA SMITH	Prophet.....	MARTHA LEWIS
Secretary.....	ANNABEL HORN	Poet.....	ELIZA POPE HILL
Treasurer.....	MAIE DELL ROBERTS	Local Editor.....	MYRA STUBBS
Historian.....	LOUESE MONNING		

## The Junior Class

President .....	WILLIE W. ERMINGER	Sergeant-at-Arms..	BLANCHE CHAPMAN
Vice-President .....	NANNALINE KING	Historian .....	MAUDE FISHER
Secretary .....	JULIA F. CONEY	Local Editor.....	BLANCHE CHAPMAN
Treasurer .....	ELIZABETH MOSELEY		

### Sophomore Class

President .....	MAYBELLE JONES	Sergeant-at-Arms...	LOUISE ERMINGER
Vice-President .....	MARY BELK	Historian.....	LOUISE ATKINSON
Secretary.....	NEWELL MASON	Local Editor.....	EDITH MARTIN
Treasurer .....	RUTH HOPKINS		

## Freshman Class

President .....	ALICE BONNELL	Treasurer.....	CLARE DEAN
Vice-President.....	GEORGIA BASS	Historian.....	VIRGINIA BROWN
Secretary.....	FLORENCE HOWARD	Local Editor .....	VIRGINIA BROWN
Sergt-at-Arms..	SARAH LEE THORNTON		

## Special Class

President .....	TEMMIE R. CHAMBLISS	Treasurer .....	ETHEL BEYER
Vice-President .....	RUTH CUNNINGHAM	Sergeant-at-Arms .....	MARY PALMER
Secretary .....	ADELE SALLEY	Historian .....	ELIZABETH BALDWIN

### Sub-Freshman Class

President.....JULIA GOODWIN  
Vice-President.....FLEURINE HATCHER  
Secretary.....RUTH PINKSTON  
Sergeant-at-Arms.....MAMIE DEWBERRY

## Athletic Association

President.....	TEMMIE R. CHAMBLISS	Chairman Field Committee
Vice-President.....	BLANCHE CHAPMAN	WILLIE W. ERMINGER
Sec'y and Treas....	MARGUERITE BEYER	Chairman Property Committee
Athletic Editor.....	MAIE DELL ROBERTS	MAYBELLE JONES



# The Wesleyan.

Subscription, \$1.00.      *Ad Astra Per Asperum*      Single Copy, 20c.

Issued monthly. Published by students of Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga.

VOL. VI.

MACON, GA., APRIL, 1906.

No. 5

*no. 4 miss. ok*

## The Heavenly Vision

'Twas not in the garish dreams of night  
Nor musings of the twilight hour—  
At mid-day shone the wondrous light  
That fell on Paul with streams of power.

Before its splendor fades the sun,  
And prone we fall with wondering awe  
Till speaks from heaven the voice of one  
Whose word to us thenceforth is law.

That voice is heard—the speaker known—  
When once we cry, “Who art thou, Lord?”  
He bids us rise and not alone  
Go forth to live and preach his word.

Hast thou the heavenly vision seen?  
Hast heard the Master’s pleading voice?  
O, when obedient thou hast been,  
Thy spirit shall with His rejoice.

W. B. BONNELL.



## College Endowment

WITH regard to the educational advancement of the country, no subject is of more importance than the one of endowments.

Especially is this a matter of great moment to the colleges of the South, which labor under such great disadvantages and accomplish such a noble work. We scarcely pick up a newspaper that we do not read of some great gift to the already well-endowed colleges of the North; *when* do we read of gifts made to our Southern colleges, especially our Georgia schools?

True, we have no Rockefellers or Carnegies in the South, but we *do* possess men of great means, who could easily give large sums to the cause of education. These men send their daughters and sons to the large Universities and Women's Colleges of the North, subjecting them to the rigors of a Northern climate and the long journey from home, when they might get the same educational advantages at home.

"You haven't the proper equipment," they say.

"We acknowledge that, but we would also like to point out the cause of this lack—*our Southern men of means do not come to the support of our institutions of learning.*

A plea for a higher curriculum in the various colleges is being urged by the alumnae and patrons everywhere. The colleges would gladly furnish this higher curriculum, equal to the best in the land, but this is impossible without an endowment to provide the additional equipment.

We need in our colleges better equipped laboratories, better libraries, more commodious buildings, and above all better paid teachers, but they can not be provided without funds.

It is a recognized fact that the demand for good teachers is increasing; many of our Southern men and women of ability accept positions in the North, where the pay is so much higher; while oftentimes they would prefer to remain in their own native state.

Many a father who talks boastingly of the fact that he pays his employees liberal salaries, that he realizes their worth and is willing to pay for their services in order to turn out a superior grade of goods, is yet willing to trust his most priceless possession, his son or his daughter, to underpaid teachers, in many cases poorly equipped for the training of the young minds.

No calling is more noble or influential than that of a teacher. In the college halls are molded the characters of the men and women, who are



to be the teachers of the future. From their teachers they imbibe the opinions and thoughts that will change, perhaps, the course of their whole lives.

When will parents awaken to the fact that the responsibility is theirs; that it is for them to provide teachers of the loftiest ideals and highest standard of scholarship.

Soon after the war, when the Northern schools were growing so rapidly, our South-land was in ruins, and education could make little advancement; in fact, only the heroism and self-sacrifice of our teachers kept our Southern youth from becoming almost destitute of any vestige of higher education.

But now we can no longer say this. Every day we see or hear new evidences of the prosperity of the South and our old Empire State, Georgia, is well in the lead. Will we be content to increase the number of our factories, to buy improved machinery, add to our wealth and lands, and let our colleges suffer for lack of funds?

With an endowment for each of our principal colleges and universities, we can easily place Georgia in the lead with reference to educational matters. Southern writers are coming to the front, Southern ability is everywhere being recognized. Let us endow our colleges, and in our own halls train these magnificent intellects, which are sure to win a place in the Nation's world of art and letters.

The cry of the colleges should be "Give us funds and equipment and we will do as good work as any institution in the land."

When the West was first opened to settlers, promoters eagerly vied with each other to provide railroads and bring to the eyes of the world the vast resources of the plains and the mountain regions beyond. Why do not promoters realize the resources that lie in the minds of our young people, and provide schools fitted to bring out the rich treasure ready at hand? Why can it not be Wesleyan, Brenau, Shorter, Agnes Scott, Mercer, Emory, Tech, Georgia University, etc., as well as Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Chicago University, Harvard, Princeton and Yale? Our student bodies are as fine as any in the land, the standard of scholarship is as high, the grasp of the intellect as powerful, and yet for lack of equipment, we are forced to keep a lower place in the standard of work.

We must have larger halls and more teachers; we can not afford to sit with our hands tied, while others are forging ahead.

We must awaken our wealthy men to the fact that their opportunities are slipping away, that money invested in hearts and souls will yield greater dividends in the end than the same amount invested in a cotton factory or a gold mine. Corporations may fail, gold mines prove worth-



less, but a college endowment will go on yielding rich profits in the lives of the youth, who gather in their halls, profits that will multiply in increasing ratio to bless the country in later years.

There is no safer investment than a college endowment, for the money is ever in use, daily and hourly creating new plans and ideals to redound to the honor of the institution and its benefactors.

Will you not take a share in a heart-and-soul corporation? We promise you eternal and evergrowing dividends, and like George I. Seney, who gave so liberally to colleges, you may say, "What I gave, I have."

ANNABEL HORN, '06.

## Harry Stillwell Edwards: An Appreciation

UNLIKE the people who say "can any good thing come out of Nazareth" and look to far away climes for their heroes; not even making the pedestals for their hero-statues from Georgia marble; we are proud to think that Georgia soil has produced many stars in the literary world. Among the authors, who claim Georgia as their home, we can boast of such writers as Joel Chandler Harris, the children's friend, Will N. Harben, the novelist, and even our own little city of Macon can point with pride to the immortal poet, Sidney Lanier, and Harry Stillwell Edwards, the Georgia journalist, novelist and poet.

Harry S. Edwards was born at Macon, Ga., in 1855. He was a graduate of the Law School of Mercer University, taking his degree in 1877. For several years he was connected with the *Macon Telegraph*, as assistant editor, and afterwards as editor. The first article to bring him before the public was "The Man on the Monument," written shortly after the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate dead. This was speedily followed by more ambitious articles, which gained for the then unknown author an enviable reputation.

Thoroughly a man of sentiment, even his *nom-de-plume*, X. I. E., had a touch of romance connected with it, for these letters form the last syllable of the name of the young lady, who afterwards became his wife.

The book that gained him most widespread popularity, was a mystery story written for the *Chicago Press* some years ago; this story, "Sons and Fathers," won the \$10,000 prize and placed Harry S. Edwards in the front rank of story writers, while "Love Across the Lines," which has recently been dramatized, only increased his fame.

It is in his short stories, however, that his fame chiefly rests. Like Thomas Nelson Page, he brings forth the negro character in a delightful



manner, preserving the Southern darkey's quaint humor and dialects, his care-free life, and easy disposition. A page from one of his dialect stories brings one to the very door of the little cabin, and betrays the gray-headed old darkey, so familiar to Southerners, the old slave ever faithful to the interests of "Ole Marse" and "Ole Miss." He moves quickly from the gay to the pathetic in his word pictures, so true to Nature, showing the fact that the threads of comedy and tragedy are so closely interwoven in every-day, commonplace life, that only a slight shifting of the view-point will change the laughter to tears.

So subtle is his power of delineation that the characters steal into the heart, or come as flesh and blood creatures to excite our laughter or to touch the heart strings and sound the chord of sympathy with its deep pathos.

He is one of the most versatile of writers, being equally at home in the descriptions of the old plantation darkey, the mountaineer or "Georgia cracker," or the most polished gentleman of the old Southern school, or the daintiest bud of Southern womanhood. All his writings possess a peculiar charm of their own, and hold the interest of the readers whether as in "His Defense," they are present in the court room, where that saddest of tragedies, a "family jar," is aired, or in that most laughable little story, "The Gum Swamp Debate."

His pen has never portrayed a tiresome character, all have a certain individuality, the power of arresting the attention, which they hold throughout, while everywhere is the atmosphere of the old South untainted by latterday corruption and commercialism.

With Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris and Harry Stillwell Edwards to give a true picture of Southern ideals, we may hope to hand down intact the old spirit, and the descendants of the men of '64 may have an unbiased view of the old plantation life, which is almost a thing of the past. Let us as Georgians cease seeking in strange fields for some far away genius at whose shrine we may pay our devotions, and give our appreciation of our own native authors, who equal any the land can produce. If we haven't read Harry S. Edwards' books, let us provide ourselves with them and make friends with dear, quaint old Uncle Sam, and that pattern of courtliness, Major Worthington, and all the other dear characters who adorn the pages of his books.

Let us thoroughly appreciate his writings, and be glad that Macon, with its colleges and cultured people, has produced so worthy an object of our literary worship as Harry Stillwell Edwards, modest and retiring, a Southern gentleman, with all the grace and virtues included in that most honorable title.



## It Might Have Been

**T**HE world is a stage. Upon it men appear in the great drama of life, play their part, and die in endless succession.

Away back at a remote period of time, there were two persons who had been surrounded by all the beauties of nature, where every object suggested the hand divine, yet these two persons listened to the siren voice of the tempter, fell from their high estate, and under the displeasure of the great King marched forth never to enter their possessions again.

This was the first great mistake. Back to its occurrence dates the beginning of all sorrows, troubles, and disappointments. All that is wrong in history, all that is deplorable in human affairs, resulted from this act.

Sacred writ tells us that once upon a time there was a nation favored above all others. Wherever those people went they gained the ascendancy and others were subservient; but they forgot their allegiance, they gave free rein to worldly pleasures, and to-day the Jews are scattered to the remotest parts of the earth—their greatness, their glory are but melancholy memories of the past.

From humble surroundings, Napoleon rose until he had reached the topmost round in the ladder of fame. He swept through ancient dynasties, smote the crowned heads about him until the world stood aghast at his wonderful achievements; but his insatiable ambition led him from one act of injustice to another till the allied armies of Europe took the field against him. He was defeated, dethroned, banished, and his fall was the fall of one who aimed at universal empires.

Why is it that history is so full of gloomy recitals? I cannot attempt to answer. It is impossible to know the designs of the great Pilot who amid the rush and drive of matter sits supreme and directs the world. If these things could be understood, we might go on through life without any doubt or sadness or gloom. But such is not the case. We must wend our way blindly onward, when cares, when troubles come, look upon opportunities gone forever and say, "It might have been." Yes, it might have been. Alexander the Great, conqueror of the world, might have added new lustre to his name by discarding his drunken carousals. Cæsar, whose fame was projected like a meteor across the horizon of Rome, might have ended his days in peace had he not coveted the diadem of kings. Could we have had the ordering of events, Stonewall Jackson would never have fallen, Lee would never have yielded up his sword, the "Stars and Stripes" would never have waved over the conquered Confederacy. And yet, there



are many things that escape our observation. We are prone to look upon the darker side of life, we fail to see things happening about us that might have had a different result and been fraught with greater evil. Days come and go. Years fly by. Incidents in the life of an individual, issues in the history of a nation arise, are settled, pass away, and are forgotten; but had these affairs ended differently, the individual's life would have been changed, the currents of destiny in that nation's career perhaps would have flowed in another direction.

How fares it with America, the land of the free and the home of the brave? It is with pride that we point to the Pilgrim fathers as they left their far away eastern homes, sailed across the trackless deep, landed amid New England snows, the harbingers of a nation. That undaunted spirit lingered with their descendants who threw off the shackles of tyranny and took their station among the independent countries of the world. But in after years their political sky darkened, the war cry was raised, our nation experienced the horrors of civil war. Four years later, the colors of the Southland trailed in the dust and the Southern Confederacy lay still in death. Slowly and sadly the Southerner turned his back upon Appomattox bearing the shame of failure, the sting of defeat. But North and South clasping hands over the grave of slavery, to-day stand reunited pointing with equal pride to the deep art, undaunted courage of Grant and to the unfading virtues, the matchless generalship of the peerless Lee.

And thus I might enumerate many things that have not remained fixed nor grown worse, but have undergone changes and those changes were for the better.

I looked at a great canvas upon whose surface was depicted a panoramic view of the past. Periods, epochs, decades, floated before me like the vague, indistinct pictures of a ghostly dream. I saw sterling character discounted and great hopes go down into the blackness of despair. I heard the crash of nations come resounding down through the centuries mingled with the death-rattle of men dying for home and native land. I saw mountains covered with everlasting snows of virtue, peaks crowned with imperishable honor, and only here and there were traces of the foot of man. The vision vanished and another appeared. I saw man struggling, amid difficulties surrounded by the maze of uncertainty and doubt. I saw obstacles rise high as mountains in his path; but just then there appeared the dim, flickering lamp of eternal truth which threw out its feeble rays into the gloom and lighted up his faltering steps. He threaded his way through this labyrinth of snares over the mountain top, and as this picture faded away I realized that the world was getting better. Then



as the third scene revealed incidents that had never been recorded in history, I knew that the stereoptican had gone into the shadow outlines of the future and was photographing events yet to come. I saw the Chinaman awake from his sleep of centuries; from Africa's sunny mountains, from India's coral strand came the song of deliverance from barbarism and superstition. I saw international law observed and spheres of influence marked out according to justice. I saw a great peace conference called and at its conclusion a czar with the trump of peace sent forth that clarion note that drums are muffled, flags furled, wars ended. I saw the world rising, rising, rising in purity and power, till the modern sky became aglow with the millennial dawn, when all "might have beens" were forgotten, all maybes swept away by the master hand of a great reality. W. R.

---

### To-Day

If we in our eager longing  
 Could part the cloud of years  
 And see around us falling  
 The mist of sorrow and of fears,  
 How quickly we'd turn from the shadow  
 To the beautiful light of Today,  
 And keep in our hearts the gladness  
 We petulantly cast away.

No love will ever be sweeter  
 Or friendship so strong and true,  
 No pleasures so bright or enchanting  
 As these, will come to you;  
 For the rainbow of future promise  
 Alluringly spanning the years,  
 Is only today's bright sunshine  
 Reflected through our tears.

CHARLIE MAE CARTER, '09.



## Miss Alice's Birthday

WHEN you had a birthday in the First Grade at Trenton Street School, it was observed in a manner that was most delightful and gratifying. First of all, Miss Alice called you up to her desk and gave you a kiss for each mile stone that you had passed and then you went back to your seat and shut your eyes tight and kept them shut until Miss Alice placed a package in your hands. Then with fingers that trembled from excitement, you untied the string, while the other children stood on tip-toes, craned their necks and giggled excitedly.

The package always contained your heart's desire. Somehow, Miss Alice knew even better than Mother what it was that you wanted more than anything else in all the world. Then the children sang the songs that you loved best and you led the march and rubbed off the blackboard and watered the flowers after school. And the doing of each of these things, you must understand, was almost as great an honor as being President of the United States.

"When does your birthday come, Miss Alice?" asked Jimmy Rounder after he had wiped off her kisses and untied his package and shouted the last lines of "Frog Went A-Courting."

"Let me see," said Miss Alice, wrinkling up her forehead, "Why—bless my heart, Jimmy, it's tomorrow and I had forgotten all about it."

The First Grade gasped. Forgotten a birthday! It was incredible.

"You see," said Miss Alice apologetically, "I don't get presents now and sometimes my birthdays come and go before I think about them."

The First Grade worried about it all the morning and, when recess came, they met under the big sycamore tree in solemn consultation.

"Poor Miss Alice," said Maggie O'Hara.

"It's drefful," sighed little Andy MacClane, and his round face was very sorrowful.

"We'll keep her birthday tomorrow, though," said Jimmy Rounder. "We'll sing the songs she likes best and let her lead the march and rub off the black-board and water the flowers."

"And we'll take up a c'lection and buy her a present," cried Mikey O'Hara, waving his arms excitedly.

Trenton Street School was not in a rich neighborhood, but the First Grade gave generously of their all. The contributions amounted to eleven cents.

"We'll buy her eleven candy dogs," said Mikey decisively, "Mr. Mac-



Cardle has some beautiful pink ones with brown eyes and I know she'll like them."

Of course, she would. Who with eyes that could see and a sense of taste and of smell could fail to appreciate pink candy dogs?

"She's going to get another present, too," said Tommy Sheridan mysteriously, and he bent downward and whispered something to Andy Mac-Clane, who was his dearest friend. The whisper spread, though, and the First Grade voiced their unanimous approval and announced that it was their intention to follow Tommy's example.

When the children came in after recess, Miss Alice saw by unmistakable signs that they had a secret. "But they will not have it long," she told herself. The First Grade was a leaky bucket where secrets were concerned. She was a little puzzled, therefore, when the last child bade her good-bye that day and left her with the mystery still unsolved. "I'll know tomorrow, though," she said.

The first bell had scarcely stopped clanging the next morning when Tommy Sheridan appeared, bearing in his arms a Bible so large and heavy that he had been obliged to call upon his friend Andy for assistance in carrying it. When they drew near the desk, though, Andy loosened his hold and fell respectfully back while Tommy staggered forward alone.

"It's a birthday present for you, Miss Alice," he announced, breathless, but proud and triumphant.

As he placed his gift on the desk, it flew open and on the fly leaf Miss Alice saw the inscription

*For Thomas Arlingford Sheridan  
From His Great Aunt,  
Maria Arlingford Bobbinot.*

"It's lovely of you to give it to me, Tommy," said Miss Alice, "but I am afraid that I oughtn't to take it."

"Oh, that's all right," said Tommy grandly, "I couldn't read it anyway."

He did not tell her how that, in spite of that fact, the Bible was his most cherished possession. It might have marred her pleasure, if she had known what a pang the gift had cost him.

This was only the beginning. Hinky Dembrick came next with a silver plated dinner set, a child's knife and fork and spoon in a red plush box.

"It iss for you, from my loving heart," he announced, which was a long speech for Hinky, whose conversations usually consisted of yes and no.



Maggie O'Hara presented her Sunday hat, which was red with a whole garden of flowers blooming upon it.

"It looks just lovely on you, Miss Alice," she announced, settling the hat on the teacher's head and then standing back and eyeing the effect with great satisfaction.

Miss Alice began to feel somewhat overwhelmed by her presents. They filled her desk, the sand-tray, the cabinet and even the top of the book-case. The Smiley twins brought her a brown puppy and an indignant, spitting kitten, and these with Dick Haley's rooster, had to be carried down into the cellar. At the last moment Andy came in rosy and breathless.

"I had to go clear back home for it," he announced, handing Miss Alice a blue shaving mug, with "Forget Me Not" written across it in golden letters. "My cousin Ikey left it to me when he died, to use when I grow up," he explained, "but I reckon I would have broken it before then anyway."

The First Grade were still singing Piggy Wig and Piggy Wee, which Miss Alice had declared was her favorite, when the door burst open and Mrs. Sheridan hurried in, the front of her bonnet over her left ear, her shawl pinned crooked and one glove wrong side out.

"Tommy Sheridan," she cried, "where's the Bible your great-aunt Maria gave you? It's not on the parlor table and Mr. MacCardle says he saw you bringing it to school this morning."

"I did," said Tommy resolutely, "I gave it to Miss Alice for a birthday present."

"Well, you get it and hand it right here to me."

"It was mine," said Tommy, "I had a right to give it away, if I wanted to."

Just then, Mrs. Sheridan, catching sight of the Bible lying beneath a celluloid box, seized upon it, and Tommy, realizing that where his mother was concerned, possession was more than nine points of the law, burst into a torrent of tears.

"That's all right," said Miss Alice, "I think I can quiet him."

She had not succeeded in drying his tears, though, when the door opened to admit Mrs. Dembrich, who in excited and voluble German inquired of her offspring the whereabouts of his dinner set.

"I haf lost him," said Hinky stolidly.

Miss Alice handed her the plush box, and with the red stain in her cheeks growing deeper, escorted her to the door with murmured apologies.

Mrs. Dembrich's stout figure had hardly disappeared around the corner when Mrs. O'Hara bore down upon them.



"Maggie," she cried, "where's your best hat? It's not in the box, and Mrs. Sheridan says—"

"Here it is," said Miss Alice.

"It was my hat," cried Maggie indignantly; "Gramma gave it to me."

"Well, she didn't mean for you to give it away," her mother retorted, wrapping it in a piece of paper she had caught up from the desk.

Then Maggie O'Hara rose, her small body quivering with rage. "If you take that hat from Miss Alice," she stormed, "I'll chew it up the very first chance I get, and I'll chew my Sunday dress, too, and I, I,"—her voice rose to an hysterical shriek—"I *might* even chew up the baby."

"She's just working herself up into one of her tantrums," said Mrs. O'Hara easily, quite unmoved by the outbreak. "You just take her out in the yard, ma'am and pour some cold water on her and she'll get all right."

All that morning a stream of indignant mothers came and went until at last not one of Miss Alice's presents remained. The First Grade sat disconsolate, eyes and noses red from weeping. Miss Alice, however, had recovered her self-possession and, if it had not been such a very mournful occasion, a close observer might have suspected that a smile was lurking in her eyes.

"Before you children go home today," she said, just before the time for dismissal, "there is something I want to tell you. Every day since you have been coming to school each little child in this class has given me a present."

The First Grade understood. Miss Alice had never done such a thing before and of course it was very wicked, but she understood how they felt, and she was telling a polite little lie to make them better.

"Yes you have," said Miss Alice, "you have always been good and loving and helpful to each other and to me and that is the very best present that you can give me. And there is one thing more that I want to tell you. I am going to have a birthday party at my house this afternoon at half-past three o'clock, and I want all of you to come."

Then just as the sunshine breaks through a leaden sky, so the smiles came back to the First Grade.

W. H.



## Philosophical Love-Making

THERE has frequently been expressed fear lest the higher education of woman might not be promotive of matrimonial copartnership, sometimes called marriage. Indeed, statistics have been gathered to prove that this is the result.

When first the establishing of a woman's college was advocated, it was opposed by some, who said that a woman had no business studying such branches as Trigonometry, for she would immediately proceed to criticise the mathematical accuracy displayed by her husband in the construction of his pig-pens and hen-houses.

So direful a catastrophe might well make the average man hesitate in seeking such a mate. I advise an inspection of Wesleyan's list of alumnæ that it may be seen whether the men have been afraid *much*. On the whole, it may be doubted whether many of the women by inoculation with the virus of higher education have been rendered altogether immune to the tender passion, when brought sufficiently within the region of infection. One will not of course, expect young men and young women who have saturated their minds with the philosophy of Hegel, with differentiation and integration, with anthropomorphic primordial types and such things, to "court" in just the commonplace way.

Allow me to introduce to you two such young people, who have been in attendance upon—let us say—The Concord Summer School of Philosophy or Thereabouts. We can imagine that they have been devoting some time to such primers as a new logic recently from the press, which I understand has been brought to Professor Jenkins' attention for use at Wesleyan, the book being called "The Existential Import of Categorical Predication"—possibly it may already be in the hands of some of the girls, who just dote on such things.

The two young persons I have in mind certainly have learned the language of their preceptors, but let us see if that keeps them from accommodating these phrases to their own purposes.

Angelina—"Algernon, do you not believe that 'matter is merely the precipitate of mind?' Now isn't that just too ethereal for anything?"

Algernon—"Heavenly! And just to think that all things so depend upon thought that if everybody should cease to will, then there would be no planet, and you and I, Angelina, would be left here suspended in the air on nothing. But don't be frightened, dearest, I'd hold you tight."



Angelina—"Thanks! The professor asked today 'can the word *inside* or *outside* be applied to the potentiality of an atom?' I don't know about that, but to be there in your strong arms would be so potentially nice."

Algernon—"That would be an exemplification of what the lecturer said: 'There is a coming of the microcosm into the macrocosm.' You are my dear little microcosm, and I'm your great big macrocosm. Just to think, Angelina, there was a time when the tiny little monads used to go strolling, seeking their affinity, just like us. But you don't remember about that."

Angelina—"Oh, yes. That was when things began to be evolved 'by the heterogenous segregation of atoms, and the concomitant dissipation of motion.'"

Algernon—"As Hegel says, 'The process of becoming is but the union of position and negation.' You posit and then you negate, and come to the actuality."

Angelina—"Yes, and actuality is the 'hereness of the thing.' Isn't it good to be here, Algernon?"

Algernon—"Yes, and what glorious truths we hear from our chief lecturer, 'Thought liberates; life is emancipation; thought is consummation; the principle of life is synthesis, combination, participation—self-determination is reality.'"

Up to this point I was so situated I could not help hearing their conversation. I began to experience such a pain in the region of my occiput that I felt the necessity of withdrawing in order that in some way I might secure an enlargement of my cerebrum for future occasions. As I withdrew, I heard Algernon address Angelina in terms said to have been used by Prof. Tyndall to wife—soon to be—"O, thou saccharine conglomeration of protoplasm," so I judge that he found "sweetness and light."

J. C. H.

P. S.—The editors of THE WESLEYAN will recognize in the above an attempt to throw together words and phrases that *may* mean something. Henry James, who has aspired to be the great Anglo-American novelist, might have served me as a model. Since writing the above "nonsense," I have come upon the following recent production of his pen, and being in despair, I forego all future efforts to compete:

"Nothing less appeared to account for my having, in the other age, done it, as the phrase is, full of justice, recognized in it so excellent a piece, such a clear Boston bravery—all to the end that it should quite strike me, on the whole, as not only, for the minor stretch and the domestic note, the happiest street scene the country could show, but as pleasant, on those respectable lines, in a degree not surpassed even among out-



land poms. Oh, the wide benignity of brick, the goodly, friendly, ruddy fronts, the felicity of scales, the solid seat of everything, even to the handful of happy deviations from the regular, produced, we may fancy, by one of those 'historic' causes which so rarely complicate, for humanization, the blankness of the American street-page and the occasional occurrence of which in general, as I am perhaps too repeatedly noting, excites on the part of the starved story-seeker a fantastic insistence."

Now what *does* he mean?

J. C. H.

---

## The Tragedy of a Soul

M T. CARMEN lay sleeping in the moonlight. The five grey-stone University buildings stood solitary upon the long, level stretch of lawn, and cast dense shadows behind them. About half a mile in front, the Connecticut wound its way through curving banks and looked like a huge silver serpent writhing in the moonlight. Still farther beyond, the Green Mountains rose up in a gloomy irregular line, nearly reaching the moon, which was slowly sinking behind their sombre screen.

There was a death-like stillness surrounding the University grounds. Only the slight movement of the elm-tree leaves in the faint breeze, might be seen. But, all at once, a window in the second story of one of the stone buildings opened noiselessly, and a figure reached far out, catching the limb of a tree, and swung quickly to the ground. A boy stood for a moment in a hesitating attitude, looking far across the river, and then turned quickly and walked in the opposite direction. In a few minutes he had reached a small grassy hill, some little distance in the rear of the University. Upon the top of the hillock he paused and clasping his thin hands back of his head, looked slowly around him. At a little distance in front lay the sleeping village, the moon lighting up the tall buildings and slender steeples. On one side rose the gloomy mountains, and on the other the grey-stone structures looked cold and solitary in the clear light. Then, the lonely boy turned his face toward the moon. The light shone back into his eyes, where anguish lay buried in their depths. The delicate, pale face looked paler still, and the thin lips seemed pressed together to shut out the pain. Burning thoughts kept time to his heart beats. Was all the world as cold as the cold, cold moon? Were all the hearts of men as utterly destitute of warmth as it? And what was life after all! Was not there a shadow to every act as black and hideous as the darkness that lay behind those distant mountains? True, the dawn was coming soon, but



had he not waited in vain for it, many long, weary years. He remembered how he thought he had a glimpse of the daylight when he had left the cold, cruel world and had buried himself among his books at the beautiful spot in the mountains. Yet, his darkness had grown denser; the unsympathetic world about him was freezing the blood in his young heart, drop by drop. Why not end this eternal night?

Behind the grassy hill upon which he stood lay a beautiful little lake. At one side trickled a miniature waterfall, and upon the bank was growing the weeping willow. Several row-boats shifted about the peaceful surface, where light-hearted, joyous students had carelessly left them.

The heavy-hearted boy descended the hill and threw his exhausted body upon the grassy bank. Why not end this eternal night, and why not end it there? Would the depth below the light surface be blacker than the life-long darkness of his heart!

Just then the moon disappeared behind the mountains and the world lay in darkness. This lasted for only a few seconds; for several red streaks shot above the eastern horizon. With this first appearance of dawn sounded a clear, sweet voice above him on the hill. Another figure was descending to the lake, but this one swayed with a light and bouyant air. It was San Tureepa, the Indian student. Black wavy locks were pushed back from a face as finely molded as a bronze statue. He reached the edge of the water, and throwing off his outer garments, plunged his strong, sinewy frame into the lake. The song still went on as the stroke of his arms kept time to the rythm. The beautiful words dropped softly into the heart of the poor boy as he lay on the bank. What was life after all? The horizon was growing momentarily brighter, and at last the sun cast long golden beams across the lake.

Slowly the boy gathered himself from his chilly resting place and ascended the hill. The dawn of his day had come at last.



## My Senior

January 15, 6 P. M.

DEAR DOROTHY: Do you remember what a long letter I wrote you when I first came here last fall? Well, if you will think real hard perhaps you can remember that I told you of that queer habit some girls have of falling in love with each other and calling themselves "T. L.'s" (which means "true loves" I am told). I told you how altogether foolish and silly I thought it was, and said that I thought it was all "put on." Well, I am still of the opinion that it is silly, but I have changed my mind about its being "put on," for one really can't help it sometimes.

Oh, Dorothy, you ought to see my "T. L." She is just beautiful, *and her name is Maud*. I have always believed that I was proof against such things and fully intended *never* to "get crazy" about anyone, but honestly now, Dorothy, I can't help it. If you could see her I know that you would love her too, for she is just so grand, and has such big blue eyes. I walked with her for a whole hour this afternoon and had the best time I ever had in my life, although it was very embarrassing, for the girls all teased us unmercifully, and on every side we heard remarks such as, "That's the biggest crush," and "I never saw such spooners." One time I heard two girls say as they passed us:

"Is that a case?"

"The very latest."

"You don't mean it?"

"I must tell Marian Hall."

"My, but she will be jealous."

In that way I discovered that I had a rival, and that rival was my very best friend, Marian Hall. Oh, how I wished she could see me then with Maud's arm around me. I looked everywhere for her and finally found her in a corner, and she was green, yes, *positively green*, with jealousy. Oh, I wonder which of us she loves best?

7 P. M.—Maud has been walking with Marian and I am just miserable.

8 P. M.—I never was quite so happy before! Maud came to my room a minute ago and said she had something to show me. She took me down the hall and there on the wall some one had written in big letters:

MAUD M., BETTY S.—T. L.'s.

Then she gave my hand a little squeeze and electric shocks ran all over me. Oh, Dorothy, I do believe she likes me a little bit.



9 P. M.—Maud has been with Marian again and I am so worried.

I was standing by the steps a minute ago and a Senior came by. She must have known all about it, for she said: "Betty, you ought not to indulge in such nonsensical meditations for they are extremely demoralizing and hurtful to your intellectual ability. The capacity of your sensorium is not sufficient to admit both knowledge and romance."

It was none of her business and I got mad.

One thing is settled. Marian and I are going to Maud and make her choose between us. I can't bear the suspense any longer.

10 P. M.—Dorothy, I never felt quite so humiliated and insignificant in my life. Maud is the meanest thing I ever saw. I hardly have the courage to tell you what has happened.

Marian and I went hand-in-hand to Maud's room. We knocked on the door and she said, "Come in." Marian is one of the timid kind, so I had to do the talking. I summoned up all my courage and began:

"Maud, you know that I love you and that Marian loves you. We both love you madly and are miserable all of the time, for I am afraid you love Marian better than you do me, and Marian is afraid you love me better than you do her. We have decided that you cannot love us both equally, so we have come for you to choose between us. Choose the one you love better and the other one will try to forget."

Maud turned, went to the window, and looked out. Marian and I could see her shaking all over. I felt so sorry for her, for I put myself in her place and wondered what I would do at such a critical moment. What a struggle it was for Maud to try to choose between two who loved her so.

Suddenly she turned and I saw her face, and oh, Dorothy, what do you suppose she was doing? She was *laughing at us*. I never believed that she would be so heartless and treat us that way when we were so in earnest. Just think! All the time that I was feeling sorry for her because she had to choose between us, she was laughing and thinking what a joke it was, that two little Freshmen could be so foolish about her. I feel that I have learned one great lesson, and that is, that Seniors are not to be trusted.

Oh, how humiliated I am.

Yours,

BETTY.

S. E. B.



## An Old Board

TWO figures sat on the door-steps of a rude looking cabin which stood on a cliff overlooking the sea. In front of them stretched the endless water, writhing with the threatening groans of an approaching storm. On both sides lay the bare coast in never ending line, and as a suitable background to the dismal scene, the cabin rose in dreary outline against the sky. The faces of the two women seated on the steps were as different as the black cloud from the sun, whose light was being shut out by the drifting masses.

The old woman clasped her long hands tightly about her knees and glared into the face of the girl with eyes of contempt. She was speaking in harsh, bitter tones, interrupted occasionally by a hard, ringing laugh. The face of the girl was darkening visibly and her form shook slightly as the words of the old woman rang above the noise of the breakers.

"When those yellow curls, which you say your John calls pretty, are as white as mine, you'll think of this time and wonder how you were silly enough to put faith in a man. I tell you, they are a lot of the veriest liars and vagabonds that ever breathed the breath of life! You say that the old fisherman's son is different from the rest, that he is good and kind and honest. Ha! Ha! Listen! The deeper the mask, the better the rascal. I tell you, the hunter calls the foolish creature of the forest by his sweet, alluring words, and then thrusts the knife into its heart! You see that grave over yonder? A man broke that woman's heart; and she was your mother; she was my sister, and he was your father. I've told that John you call so good and kind that if ever he puts his foot inside this cabin door again, I'd take the old rusty gun down from behind the door and shoot his brains out!"

The old woman ended in almost a shriek and disappeared quickly—down one side of the rocky cliff.

The girl bowed her head on her knees, and low, heart-broken sobs were carried out on the stiff breeze and mingled their strange, weirdness with the groaning sea.

Rapidly down the beach walked the old woman. Her withered form seemed to be unconsciously swept along by the strong breeze. Her old homespun clothes were blown tightly around her, and the thin grey hair streamed wildly about her face. She was living those days again when she had thought her John so good and honest and kind. She lived over the day when she had waved him a farewell and he had leaned far out from the ship and called to her to be true and watch for him until he should return.



They had smiled at her faithful watch, and the years had passed one by one. They pictured him to her far across the sea with another fair form in a fisherman's hut. And the years went on and on and on. No longer did she watch for sails out on the deep. She hated the memory of her John.

The sea was rising and the water was beginning to play about her feet. Higher and higher it drove her on the coast, until only a narrow path under the projecting cliff was left among the rocks. Maddening thoughts of the hideous past carried her stumbling onward over the sharp stones, not heeding the blood that began to stain her unprotected feet. Then all at once the exhausted form of the old woman fell feebly forward on the rocks. She clutched at a protruding board in the side of the cliff, and as she raised herself the board loosed itself from the sand and rocks and fell at her feet. In figures scarcely legible from decay were carved these words: "Rose, ——— New Jersey, ———." At one end was an old rusty chain, and fastened to this was a bottle. Bending eagerly, she picked up the bottle and dashed it upon the rocks and with trembling hands seized a small roll of paper that lay among the shattered fragments. It was only a very small piece of paper with letters in faint characters upon it. At the first words her eyes rested on she drew in her breath with a hysterical gasp.

*"My Own Rose,*

"It will be my last prayer that this shall reach you. We are not more than a hundred miles from the New Jersey coast, and I thank God that I shall die near the land that holds you. The old ship cannot live much longer in this wearful storm; the mast and sails have gone long ago, and the prow is fast breaking away. We shall all be lost in a short while. My last thoughts are of ———"

A terrible crash of thunder broke upon the air, and the rain began to fall in torrents. It was growing dark and she thrust the paper inside her bosom to protect it from the rain, and ran with head bent forward back along the coast.

As she neared the cliff she thought she saw some one drawing a fishing boat up on the sand, and through the darkness and rain, she saw John, the fisherman's son, hauling his boat up from the stormy sea. She lifted her shrill voice. The young man turned his eager eyes quickly toward the cabin on the cliff, but the voice sounded behind him. He turned with disappointment and surprise to see the strange, frightful old woman standing still in the storm.

"John, my lad," she was saying, "Come with me up to the cabin out of the storm. There will be a nice fire and the girl will be awaitin' for you."

A. L. M., '06.



## The Spectator

[*Dedicated With Apologies to Addison and Steele.*]

PAPER NUMBER THREE.

## THE LATEST EPIDEMIC—CUTTING.

"Danger!—Have you been vaccinated?" While walking by the college this sign caught my eye, and as it has been a practice from my early childhood to always go where I am forbidden, especially if there is danger, and to be a "spectator" of everything, I entered, and let me tell you something, it is the best thing for you to keep away from there, for you may even now be inoculated with the germs of the dread disease—speak its name in a whisper—it is C-U-T-T-I-N-G!!!

For your information, I will tell you something of this queer disease: First of all it has a perfect antipathy for every day in the week except Monday, and is especially violent on Sunday, about the time the church bells are ringing. It attacks so violently and weakens a person so rapidly that the sufferer can not even get up enough energy to go to the matron's room to be excused from church, but simply—*cuts*.

So languid does the victim become that only mild exercise is taken, such as making fudge, going shopping or to the dressmakers, to the ice cream parlors, etc.; while all mental exercise is carefully avoided. Hard lessons greatly aggravate the symptoms, and they become so pronounced that not a class room is entered by the sufferer for fear of disturbing the brain by absorption. The best remedy is a late nap in the morning or a ham sandwich at Isaacs'.

The President seemed to be much worried over the epidemic, and devoted most of his time to reading medical journals, even calling the faculty into consultation. Severe measures were taken, the only thing that would give relief being restrictions, administered in broken doses, some dose not to be broken until June. The evil is more to be dreaded since it works inwardly; in fact the victim usually looks better and stouter than those who are not so inflicted. Some few, who were sufferers, have been partially restored to health by a heavy dose of restrictions, and are on the road to recovery; it is hoped that no backset will ensue.

Since nearly every disease may be traced to its source, as the yellow fever to the mosquito, I intend to keep my eyes open as I play "the spectator," to see if I can not win fame by the discovery of the "cutting" germ. Its native haunts seem to be in college halls, and in the covers of the driest books, such as ledgers, Latin volumes, French plays, etc.

This disease, if not stopped in its early stages, often results in a departure for home and the "cutting" short of a college career.



Up to the present, I have found that the first symptoms appear in an unprepared lesson, and get stronger with each subsequent unprepared lesson. Watch out, young ladies! Don't let the "cutting" bug bite you. I would advise each class to watch their companions carefully, and try to stop the spread of the terrible disease. Keep its stain from your class 'scutcheon, even if a rigid quarantine has to be imposed. Don't allow the high standard of your scholarship to be lowered by such an evil. Report at your lessons, even if you do not know them; better a straight out "flunk" than one by default, for there is always the chance that you may not be called on to recite. Pshaw! what did you say? That sign out there is about ten years old, they forgot to take it down when the small-pox scare was over? Thank goodness! I was trembling in my shoes for nothing. Nobody "cuts" these days. I always did make a mole hill out of a mountain.

---

## Nonsense Rhymes

### RECITAL WOES.

#### I.

The recital days are come, the busiest of the year,  
 Of nervous girls and weary girls and girls all cold with fear.  
 For ceaseless weeks thy bravely try in work to all excel.  
 Their friends grow tired, but ambition's height no guage can ever tell,  
 For not one moment do they care to sing, to play, recite.

#### II.

And teachers, the fair young teachers, are ever at their posts.  
 They walk the floor, they tear their hair and grow as thin as ghosts,  
 But ever and anon they must practice and rehearse.  
 To them a failure (awful thought) would be far worse  
 Than beetles, snakes or mice—or bitter tasting pills,  
 For no one but the teacher knows the pangs of failure chills.

#### III.

And honor to the people, those kind souls who always try  
 To calmly sit and heart without a single sigh.  
 But then, the martyrs may be papa or mamma fond and dear;  
 Of course, to them, their darling could ne'er bring ought but cheer.  
 And the patience of the rest may be no binding mask,  
 For who knows, a Recital may once have been their task.

S. S., '00.



## Editorial Department

---



---

LOUESE MONNING.....	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
LAURA SMITH.....	ASSISTANT EDITOR
ANNABEL HORN.....	} LITERARY EDITORS
AGNES CHAPMAN.....	
ELIZABETH MOSELEY.....	} BUSINESS MANAGERS
MATTIE WILLIAMS.....	
ARGENT BETHEA.....	EXCHANGE EDITOR
MAIE DELL ROBERTS.....	ATHLETIC EDITOR
DAISY WILCOX.....	BOOK CRITIC
NANNALINE KING.....	ART EDITOR
RUTH HOPKINS.....	Y. W. C. A. EDITOR
MYRA STUBBS, '06.....	} LOCAL EDITORS
BLANCHE CHAPMAN, '07..	
EDITH MARTIN, '08.....	
VIRGINIA BROWN, '09.....	

---



---

Now that we are approaching the end of the school year, it seems appropriate to pause a moment in our mad, headlong rush for an education, and ask ourselves a few pertinent questions. The first is probably one which was settled at the beginning of the term, Why am I here? There can be but one serious answer to this, To get an education. But that answer in itself will involve much thought. An education—and what is meant by that term? Who is the really well educated person? What is the test of an education? Are marks a true indication of the progress of an education? Is a college diploma a sufficient guarantee of an education?

A glance at the derivation and meaning of the word will do much towards answering many of these vexing questions. "To educate" is derived from the Latin names "*educō*," meaning "to lead forth," translated freely, "to develop." An education, then, is a development, and, mark you, not merely an intellectual development, but "a harmonious development of mind, body and soul." The educated person is the man or woman, who has made the most of every God-given faculty and power. The test of a well educated person is not, how much does he know, but rather, how much power of learning or acquiring has this four years' development given him, how clear an insight into the true meaning of life has it awakened in him, will it enable him to fill creditably his place in the active world?

At the next question it would be well to pause a little longer and try to understand the full import. Are marks a true indication of the progress



of an education? Think how impossible it is for any human being to put a per cent. value on development. A teacher may be able to say, "a perfect recitation," and place opposite the pupil's name the much desired ten, but, after all, what does that mean? Usually that one of the faculties has been undergoing development, the memory. But does that ten give any indication of true development? Does it show that the power of acquiring knowledge was in any degree increased by that recitation? If it marks only memory perfection, why should such importance be placed on it? It would be an interesting test to see how many of the Seniors could stand a creditable examination in Physics, Geometry or Algebra, or even in United States History. If then, the information, so glibly given, and valued at ten, is retained, in some cases, not even to the end of the college course, why is that mark of such importance? On the other hand, suppose that recitation was not so perfect, suppose that, so far as the teacher could see, it was not worth ten, but that the pupil was conscious of the effort expended on the preparation of that lesson having resulted in growth, development, would she not have the right to a little feeling of satisfaction, even if the mark were only a five? It will be a happy day for college girls when they learn to appeal to their own consciences for knowledge of their standing, and not to the per cent. record of a teacher, when they appreciate the fact that the marks mean little as compared to their consciousness of earnest effort, faithfulness to duty, and the resulting development.

The last question, Is a college diploma a sufficient guarantee of an education, you will see, has been answered. A diploma is not sufficient proof that its owner is educated. In many cases it shows that a person is fitted to fight the battle of life, but in as many other cases, it is the insignia of the educated crank, the type that everyone knows, the person who is educated beyond the duties of every-day life. Notice that the word, educate is here used in the common acceptation. It is a fact often noted that the school prodigy is seldom heard of in after life, while the dunce often makes for himself an enviable name.

Let us be sure, then, that we realize the true use and importance in our education of the facts learned in school. We do not wish to be Gradgrinds, cramming our poor brains with great quantities of undigested information, but we do wish to have well developed brains, which will be constantly craving food and which will be able to assimilate this food and make it part of the mental life. Unless this is what college has done for us, we are not ready to graduate and enter the "School of Life."

MARGARET T. HALL



## Book Critic

### "THE SHADOW OF VICTORY."

Lovers of very light fiction will, doubtless, enjoy Myrtle Reed's new novel, "*The Shadow of Victory*," as it is entertaining, easy to read and the characters are fairly well sustained. The scene is laid at Fort Dearborn; time, the beginning of last century, and the climax of the novel is reached when Indians attack and destroy the Fort.

The heroine is a young girl—of course superlatively beautiful (why cannot novelists give us a plain woman for a change?)—who has come to visit relatives at Fort Dearborn, and there meets two young men, one an officer in the army and the other a distant cousin of her own, who is tutor to her hostess' children. The story is the usual one in such circumstances, and though there is occasionally a bright and interesting dialogue, there is nothing in the book to lift it above many others of the same type.

As a love story it will probably be found amusing, but as a historical novel or one attempting to portray scenes of the time and place mentioned, it is wholly inadequate.

---

### "THE WHEEL OF LIFE."

Ellen Glasgow has just given us a new book, "*The Wheel of Life*," which ranks in interest and strength along with the best of the recent novels.

It is a marked improvement over "*The Voice of the People*," her initial effort of several years ago. This was followed by "*The Battle Ground*" and "*The Deliverance*."

These earlier novels all had the Virginia setting, but in this last she has left her familiar Southern field for a plunge into the giddy whirl of New York society life.

The scene is laid in Fifth Avenue and Gramercy Park, and most of the characters follow "the inevitable and agonizing pursuit of pleasure." It properly belongs to that depressing class of fiction known as a problem novel; the problem in this case being the divorce problem. It is a detailed and somewhat painful study of life as she conceives it, among fast and fashionable New Yorkers.

The heroine, Laura Wilde, is described as a soulful, intellectual woman, with a soft voice and cordial smile, "a priceless inheritance from her South-



ern mother." Her first love was a divorced man of course. Most of the men in the book are either divorced or would like to be, and most of the women smoke cigarettes.

The authoress aims to show the utterworthlessness, the starved emptiness of the soul of these frivolous pleasure seekers who spend their lives in a mad chase after things that satisfy not.

Some of the personal descriptions are rich, for instance, Uncle Percival, whose baldness, we are told, lent a deceptive appearance of intellect to his simple, moon-like face.

There are few of the characters of the book towards whom one feels especially drawn. We cannot help reading it to a finish, but we would not care to re-read any part of it.

"*The Wheel of Life*" is a serious study, and must be recognized as the careful work of one trained in the art of story-telling. It has a high moral purpose, and the characters with high ideals shine conspicuously by the side of their commonplace and frivolous companions.

---

## Local Foolishness

MYRA STUBBS, EDITOR.

### THE MOAN OF SENIORITY.

In the fairest of our cities,  
 By professors wise attended,  
 Once a grand and noble temple,  
 Stately—reared its head.  
 In the heart of Truth's dominion  
       It stood there!  
 Ever Learning loved this mansion,  
 Blessed it with her presence fair.

Visitors to that happy temple  
 Through the open windows saw  
 Girlhood moving in glad freedom  
 In the care of honor's law.  
 Round about a place where Learning,  
       (Glorious queen)  
 In her state by Girls attended  
 Ruler of this place was seen.



But evil things in robes of sorrow  
 Came to knock at Learning's gate.  
 Examinations, Written Lessons,  
 Made this temple desolate;  
 And round about the form of glory  
     That once was fair,  
 This evil thing has wrapped her mantle—  
     And left it there.

And Seniors now within that temple,  
     In their red-eyed sadness see  
 Ugly forms that move forever  
     Like the ghost of tragedy.  
 Seniors where their predecessors  
     Once did lounge in royal ease  
 Now pay tribute to these monsters  
     Whom they toil in vain to please.

---

L'ENVOI.

Rise, oh Seniors! Lift the mantle  
 From your queen's once lovely face.  
 Ask the faculty to grant you  
     Respite from your strenuous race.  
 Tell them that you've toiled and studied,  
     Faithfully for four long years  
 And you need a month of gladness,  
     Free from sighs and bitter tears.

POET LAUREATE.

---

THE PALACE OF LEARNING,  
 KINGDOM OF WESLEYAN,  
 ALL FOOLS' DAY, 1906.

MY MOTLEY TOUCHSTONE:—

Hast thou read, Touchstone, those eastern stories, in which dark-eyed maidens, in long flowing robes peep from behind silken curtains and one catches a glimpse of their loose black tresses tossed by the breeze? And dost thou think that is a beautiful picture? If thou dost thou art indeed a fool! It is on Monday morning that I write, a beautiful, sunshiny day; and that means that we have the oriental picture here in real life, except the silken curtains and the fact that the tresses are not all black. No. If thou wert here this morning, thou couldst see every shade from the purest



gold of Lady Louisa to the black cloud that crowds Lady Geranium's head. If a Titian should chance by, methinks he would be sorely put to it to decide between the "burnished gold" of Lady Lucretia and the copper red of My Lady Sunshine.

They say that Lady Sunshine well deserves her name, for she can dispel the most stubborn case of "the blues" and is like summer gladness in the sick-room.

It is rumored, and strongly believed by some, that the Prima Donna, formerly an avowed Protestant against cases of any kind, has confessed to the Pope that she loves her. It is not known whether the Pope has granted any indulgence, but it is conjectured that she has since the Prima Donna's offering of a jewelled comb and her frequent pilgrimages to the Commissary of Public Supplies at the foot of the hill below the palace.

Lady Whistler has said that all colors put together make white, which always seemed to me a foolish statement until now. This I know, that once we had all colors of soup from green to red, and now we have only white, which seems to suit the ladies better.

The Royal Record is under excellent headway now. It is the desire of Golden Locks and Latinia Græcæ to have the history of every prince and lady told in the Empress' year book; but they confided to the Fool that they were hard put to it in making the record, since some of the court, like My Lord Kipling's Tomlinson, haven't done enough for His Infernal Highness to take them in.

The Lady-in-Waiting declares that no one shall leave the court this year who first does not confess to her a love-affair. Oh, Touchstone! It seems that she has conspired to keep The Oldest Inhabitant and the Fool here forever. However, the Fool has seen enough of court intrigue to become imbued with the spirit of diplomacy, and hence will try to dress up and make realistic an old romance of a piney-woods school house in by-gone days. As to The Oldest Inhabitant, she "loves this place and would willingly waste her time in it."

I promised to tell thee about Cinderilla. One dark, muddy day, in company with the Prime Minister's wife, Cinderilla was shopping. A rubber boot came off in the mud and she left it. Scarcely was Cinderilla out of sight when a Prince Charming came by, found the shoe, and was much struck by its exquisite smallness. The next morning, Cinderilla found the shoe at her door, and was bewildered to see stuffed in the toe, a dainty note in an unknown hand. As the fool was then taken into her confidence it would be treacherous to tell more.

Thou knowest how Pansy Eyes has pledged herself to the Dark Lady,



vowing to love her and only her "till death do us part." Well such is the treachery of human hearts and the complexity of court intrigue, that Pansy Eyes has completely given herself up to a clandestine acceptance of Cleopatra's favors. Now Cleopatra is a most persistent and successful wooer, having about her always those who will fetch and carry for her. Even the Fool has been offered a bribe to seek out Pansy Eyes and secretly deliver a note and a box of salted peanuts to her. Meanwhile the Dark Lady is letting jealousy "feed on her damask cheek." Although Pansy Eyes still walks around the porch with her and writes her notes, the Dark Lady can see as well as the fool that Pansy Eyes doesn't watch her in chapel, wait for her on the way to class, nor pay her that silent devotion with her eyes which the Dark Lady loves to see in her favorites. The fool is going to suggest pickles and ham sandwiches to the Dark Lady as a better gift than chocolate and violets. Pansy Eyes has a remarkable capacity for pickles.

The Senior courtiers are now "in the depths" with William. They have found Othello there. Othello, for all his dark color, it seems, was a gentleman as Henry was before him. The Lady-in-Waiting has not yet directed our minds to a consideration of "What would Othello think?" however.

I send thee a copy of the Poet Laureate's latest production which Jacques, the Melancholy, will appreciate. It is a timely plea against one of the most dangerous traitors to our Empress. 'Tis said, however, that the princes are so much in love with the ogre, Examination and the various disguises he assumes in "Written Lessons," that the most eloquent plea cannot move them.

Shouldst thou at any time be able to forget the lovely Audrey, long enough to write a letter, let thy friends at the court know if Jacques is still in the forest. They grieve much because he has never married.

Faithfully,

THE FOOL.

P. S.—This is Fool's Day. I trust thou hast made much of it in Arden as thy friend has in this palace.

---

FUR SAIL—long old dubble-barrel gun that won't go off, sutabel only fur Guerryly warfair. it's loaded, or can be loaded with hevvy charges. Aply to office in the stage-loft.



## JUNIOR LOCALS.

BLANCHE LEIGH CHAPMAN.

Peering a bit into the future, the Juniors are already making plans for the celebration of their Junior Prom., which is to be held later in the Spring. The spacious campus, with its summer houses, rustic seats, etc., will prove an ideal place for such a fete and if present plans materialize, success is assured. This is to be the first Prom. held at Wesleyan, and the Class of Naughty Seven is proud to inaugurate this custom, which is something of an innovation in our Southern colleges.

---

Extract from the matron's sick-list—giving a few excuses presented by the girls on Sunday morning, as to why they are not able to attend church. In order to spare any embarrassment, the girls' names have been omitted:

- 1—Nothing to wear.
- 2—Shoes too thin.
- 3—Corn on foot.
- 4—Home-sick.
- 5—Brother coming.
- 6—Tired.
- 7—No hat.
- 8—Sore foot.
- 9—Foot sore .
- 10—Foot hurts.
- 11—Expecting 'phone message.
- 12—Did not know I had to go.
- 13—Sore finger.
- 14—No suitable hat.
- 15—Afraid to go out.
- 16—Skirt didn't come.
- 17—No coat.
- 18—Not physically able.
- 19—Sick and foot sore.
- 20—Shoulder hurts.
- 21—Not strong enough.
- 22—Sore (botanizing.)
- 23—Stood exam., nervous.
- 24—No shoes, no gloves.

And they all with one accord began to make excuse.

---

Miss Elizabeth Moseley is spending a week at her home in Union Springs, Ala.



SOPHOMORE LOCALS.

EDITH MARTIN, EDITOR.

Miss Maybelle Jones spent a week in Nashville as a delegate to the Students' Convention.

---

Miss Bogenrief—Ollie Mae I have a little new niece.  
O. M. Osburn—Is it a boy or a girl?

---

Eliza Hill—What is the meaning of beacon?  
Louise M.—It is a light, isn't it?  
Ruth C.—No you stupid, it's a kind of a bug.

---

Have Willie Erminger, Eliza Hill, Agnes Chapman and Maybelle Jones mentioned their Nashville trip to you? If they have not, "Look out girls!"

---

Irma Neal—I see where John has gone to Mardi Gras.  
Clyde Malone—What for?

---

Ethel Harrell, when asked how she was going to observe Lent, said that she had resolved to deny herself water-melons.

---

Professor (calling the roll)—Why what's the trouble, eight young ladies are not present?  
Nannaline King—They must be absent.

---

Miss Bogenrief (giving a music lesson)—Louise, doesn't your musical ear tell you that you are playing that wrong?  
Louise (feeling her ears)—Which one?

---

Misses Louise Atkinson and Tommie White spent several days in Sibley with Miss Louise Erminger.

---

Misses Maie Dell Roberts, Adele Salley and Edith Martin spent several days with Miss Bessie Frederick in Marshallville.

---

"Beware of berths!" a college girl cried,  
"I slept in one, that is, I tried,  
For ere my eyes were closed in dreams,  
I tumbled out, and then what screams!"

AGNES CAPMAN.







## Y. W. C. A. Department.

---

### OFFICERS:

President.....	ELIZA POPE HILL
Vice-President.....	AGNES CHAPMAN
Corresponding Secretary.....	NONA HENDRY
Recording Secretary.....	LOUESE MONNING
Treasurer.....	CLARE MONROE

### COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN:

Devotional Committee.....	BESSIE WHITE
Intercollegiate Committee.....	INEZ DAUGHTRY
Social Committee.....	WILLIE ERMINGER
Bible Circle.....	PAULINE BACHMAN

### THE DEVOTIONAL COMMITTEE:

BESSIE WHITE, CHAIRMAN.

RUTH HOPKINS	WILLIE ERMINGER	LOUESE MONNING
INEZ DAUGHTRY	ELIZA HILL	MAYBELLE JONES

### MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE:

AGNES CHAPMAN, <i>Chairman</i> ;	MARY LOU BECKHAM,
MAYBELLE JONES,	ADA SAMS.

---

The Nashville delegates have returned. True to our expectations, they have brought from the conference the increase of life and energy which our Y. W. C. A. needs. On the Thursday following their return, each member of the delegation gave her report. They were all interesting. From Maybelle Jones we had the outline of an address by Robert E. Speer; from Agnes Chapman, some thoughts from a sermon by Bishop McDowell; from Willie Erminger, the substance of the meeting with which the conference closed, and from Eliza Hill a synopsis of the Student Volunteer Movement. The last we give here:

#### THE PURPOSE AND CHARACTER OF THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

It is my desire tonight to present to you in as few words as possible the purpose and character of the Student Volunteer Movement. Many have a mistaken idea that it is purely an educational movement, but it is spiritual in the strictest sense of the word. In order to give you some definite idea as to the progress of the Student Volunteer Movement, it will be necessary to go back to the beginning of it, which was in 1886. In this year, at a summer conference, Mr. Moody called together the first band of Student Volunteers, 250 in number, at Mt. Herman, Mass. Through the influence of Robert Wilder and John Foreman, prospective missionaries, this conference was set ablaze with the missionary spirit, and one hundred men



volunteered for the foreign fields. In 1888, the movement organized with John R. Mott as chairman of supervising committee. Now allow me to present the striking contrast between this first convention of two hundred and fifty to the last which convened in Nashville with over four thousand delegates, representing about six hundred colleges, being decidedly the greatest student convention ever held.

The watchword of the Student Volunteer Movement is the evangelization of the world in this generation, and the text, "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations." Let us pause and consider the objects of this great Convention. First of all, it is to develop missionary spirit and activity among college students, and to enroll volunteers for the foreign fields. Secondly, to help prepare volunteers for their life work, and, thirdly, to enlist those who are not called to direct missionary service in intelligent activity at home. Quoting from Mr. Mott: "The possibilities of this convention are limitless; its magnitude suggests its boundless reach. This is the largest Student Volunteer Convention ever held in the world in all the history of the church. It is not a national conference or a continental convention, but a world conference whose personnel gives evidence of its vast magnitude. It is truly a great economical missionary conference. Disraeli has said, that it is a glorious thing to see a nation saved by its young people. It stimulates one to realize the bearing of the sessions of these days when the students of the great colleges and universities mingle thought and labor with the thought of the world's great laborers in the mission fields, with the editors of the religious papers and those representing other fields of Christian work."

Again Mr. Mott said: "I like to think of this convention as a great dynamo which is being impelled by the ceaseless energies of the Christ. Would that here might be generated and released energies that may fill every college in the land here represented with the ceaseless missionary spirit."

This crowd was assembled twice a day in Ryman's Hall, the city auditorium, to hear the addresses and appeals from such men as Robert E. Speir, John W. Foster, Bishop Gailor, Harlan P. Beach and numbers of others equally as good. Could you picture anything more impressive than six thousand heads bowed in silent prayer while the quartette softly sang some beautiful and inspiring missionary songs?

Then the appeal of J. Campbell White, who said that the four cardinal obligations laid upon us by Christ in connection with extending his kingdom are: First, Know; second, Go; third, Pray; fourth, Pay. "Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields. Behold the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few."



Then he said in regard to paying—if every Christian would give three-fifths of a cent, a postage stamp, a street car fare, a package of gum—think what it would mean to the heathens. All of us should obey these four great cardinal injunctions, for as Mr. White said, if a railroad employee should obey their superiors as we do Christ, railroads would not be safe.

As a result of this Convention hundreds of students gave themselves as volunteers to the mission fields, and many of them were from our sister colleges of the South.

Now what is Wesleyan going to do to promote this great movement? We should at least train two missionaries each year for the foreign fields. Wake up sisters. Are we to stand idly by with our hands folded while others are about our Father's business? Not so—we must work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

ELIZA POPE HILL.

There is a movement on foot in the college, partly resulting from the Nashville Conference, to form a mission study class. This will, however, be open only to the "upper classmen" and will take the place of their regular Bible study. Mr. Jenkins will be in charge.

Miss Lulu Barnett, our Y. W. C. A. president of last year, has returned to college. We feel that the Association gains in her an efficient worker.

The new officers of the Y. W. C. A. have recently been elected. They will serve the remainder of this term and at the beginning of the next, taking the place of those Seniors and others whom we must lose in May.

The cabinet is now as follows:

President .....	Willie Erminger
Vice-President .....	Nannaline King
Recording Secretary .....	Louise Atkinson
Corresponding Secretary .....	Maybelle Jones
Treasurer .....	Elizabeth Hines
Chairman Devotional Committee.....	Ruth Hopkins

#### MISSIONARY CABINET.

President .....	Fannie Lou Armor
Vice-President .....	Claire Monroe
Recording Secretary.....	Anne England
Corresponding Secretary .....	Sara Branham
Treasurer .....	Annie Kirkland

At one of our recent services, Mrs. Hinton gave us a delightful talk. Her subject was "Christ Opening the Spiritual Eye."



## Exchange Department

ARGENT BETHEA, EDITOR.

There is so much excellent material in the February issue of the *Wofford College Journal* as to make it the best number that magazine has sent out this year. "The Haunted House of Keowee" is an entertaining ghost story, whose greatest charm rests in the fact that the plot is somewhat unusual. The best point about "The Coward's (?) Death" is the vivid manner of portrayal, which renders the sketch interesting enough to hold the reader's attention to the end. "In the Forest" stands near the top in the fiction for this month; not only is the plot an unusual one, but the atmosphere and treatment add much to the interest. "The Recent Anglo-Japanese Treaty" is a clever article, and the only thing to mar it is the lack of clearness and coherence. We have nothing to say for "Love Immortal," as it is based on the usual plot for college stories; the other piece of fiction, "Harriman's Victory," is very good. Why did the staff allow such an article as "The Art Preservative of All Arts" to enter the magazine? It is not at all well written, and the slang so freely used renders it even more undesirable. The author says, in writing of a printer,—“Spelling and punctuation, revising and proof-reading year in and year out, creates within him such a desire for good writing and well-rounded sentences that to shut him out from good books would be the vilest punishment you could inflict upon him.” This sentence is not even correct, and is far from well-rounded. "A Power Invisible" is one of the strongest, best developed articles in any of the recent exchanges; the diction is pure; the style, good; and there is a refreshing atmosphere about the whole piece. The Editor was most fortunate in his choice of topics; every editorial is entertaining, and most of them are of general interest. The poem, "Two Pictures" is fair, but "Not So Fast" is splendid, both in thought and treatment.

---

It is with much pleasure that we find *The Lucy Cobb Magazine* on our table; and, though it is a new journal, yet it bids fair to become a very good one. The opening article, "Extracts From Miss Rutherford's Letters from the Holy Land," is charming, and gives the paper a good send-off. "The Yellow Dwarf" bears comparison with any story we have read recently, and is well written and thoroughly interesting. The magazine is well supplied in the line of descriptive bits, and some of the "Slip Sheets" are ex-



cellent. "Under the Lilacs" is stronger in description than as a story. Some of the imagery is beautiful and shows the author to be a close observer and lover of Nature. As for poetry, the "Reply to My Life is Like the Summer Rose" is the best poem, though "The Storm" is fair. The other departments are not up to the standard of the Literary Department; but the magazine, as a whole, is good, and we see great success for this journal in the future.

---

"In the Reign of the Rameses" happened to be the first thing we read in the February issue of the *Carolinian* and it proved a most delightful story. There is a wierdness about it which gives it a charm, and in following the flights of the writer's lively imagination one is reminded of those happy hours spent poring over "The Arabian Nights." This is a genuinely good article; but, alas for the others! One is wholly unprepared for the assortment which follows. College magazines so frequently attempt detective stories, when these are a form of the short story very difficult to handle successfully, and require more skill than the average student can bestow. "Lost or Stolen: a Diamond" is a weak sketch on this order. "A Battered Canteen" is without any striking feature, either good or bad. "The Story of My Islet" is too overdrawn and deals too much in blood and murder to be very interesting. One almost always enjoys a war story. "Polly's Prisoner" is a type of this class, though there is nothing extraordinarily strong in the construction of the plot. "The Ice-King" and "At the Close of the Century," the two leading poems, are very good. The crying need of the *Carolinian* is heavy matter; for, as it stands, it presents an unbalanced condition.

---

On opening the *Blue and Bronze* one is impressed with this fact,—the lack of consolidation and completeness. The material is too scattered, the Literary Department is too short, and several other departments could be, easily and advantageously, brought under this head. There are only two long articles in the February issue, "The Romance of Pete—En—Well," and "A Dream of Freedom." The first is a most fascinating story; not only is the body of the story good, but the author closed it in a strong manner. "A Dream of Freedom" is a sketch on conditions in Russia and gives a brief, though clear, idea of Russian life at present. We are surprised at the number of poems, some of which are excellent, especially "Twilight" and "To The Class of 1905." As for the editorials, they are well written, but treat of local subjects and take up no topic of general interest.



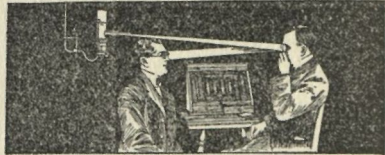
We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following journals:

*Blue and Bronze, Woffard College Journal, Furman Echo, Carolinian, Palemtto, Crimson, Criterion, Tattler, Lucy Cobb Magazine, Georgian, Georgia-Tech, Clemson College Chronicle, Emory Phoenix, Monroe College Monthly, Wake Forest Student, Brenau Journal, Luconian, Gallowegian, Central College Magazine, Clionian, Review and Bulletin, Tulane Weekly, Olive and Blue, Crimson-White, Sparks Collegiate Institute Messenger, Donnybrook Fair, Ishkoodah.*

**DRS. KITTRELL & HILBUN,**

PHONE 575. 316 SECOND STREET.

Examine Eyes without dilating the pupils  
and make glasses to fit everybody.



## What's the Matter With Your Feet ?

Is it the tarsus, meta tarsus,  
or phalanges ?

If so, try our swell WALK-  
OVER Shoes for women--  
In dull gun-metal calf or  
patent calf, lace or button.

There's nothing like them  
shown elsewhere

# CLISBY'S

© P. E. KEITH COMPANY

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



12